MY STUDENT DAYS IN GERMANY . . . . By Struthers Burt

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THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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by Winston S. Churchill
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"FALANGE. THE AXIS SECRET ARMY IN THE AMERICAS"
by Allen Chase
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WINSTON S. CHURCHILL—Honesty so great he has suffered contemptuous condescension. (See page 5)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

My Student Days in Germany

Even the Schwabisher Was Turned to the Glorification of Race

STRUTHERS BURT

This is the first of an occasional series of articles by Struthers Burt on his education, travels, and experiences in Germany.

FROM the time I first came across them, I thought the Germans queer people, but I never knew how queer until I went to a German university and found myself on the edge of being asked to join an undergraduate verein.

The University of Munich fortunately was a Catholic university so schläger duelling—any kind of duelling—was forbidden. But the rest of my initiation ran, I imagine, pretty true to form.

It began with beer drinking, and at that I was fairly adept although I am short and slight and have a small stomach. However, due to the fact that I drink slowly and have always had a habit of easy regurgitation, I managed to keep my end up.

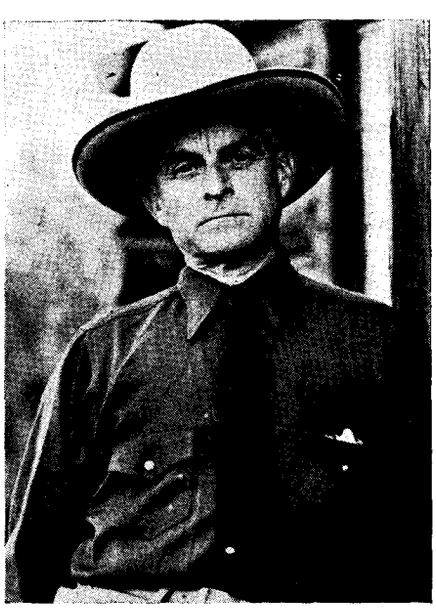
The Studenten Korps that was interested in me was the Schwabisher Verein. It wasn't smart or aristocratic as were some who had their fountainheads at Bonn or Heidelberg; there wasn't a trace of homo-sexuality about it like the Borussia, for instance. It was just a good, tough, middleclass fighting verein, composed of thickset young Germans with bullet heads and light blue eyes who expected to end up somewhere in the Civil Service or the professions. I wish I could remember its colors, but I can't.

And I am equally vague as to just why I was picked out for the honor of possible election, although in those days—this was just before the last war—the German student vereins elected a good many foreigners. Anyway, all of a sudden I found myself two or three nights a week drinking in various beer halls with four big blond young men, their faces scarred with schläger cuts. We hadn't much in common, and it was hard on my studies . . . at the moment I was taking a course in Shakespeare given by a famous professor with a beard who was engaged in proving that Shakespeare was a German . . . but with Teutonic persistence and American curiosity, I and the four young men met with alarming regularity. Our conversation consisted principally of their telling me how wonderful Germany was, and then their telling me about America, where none of them had ever been.

On the whole, however, we got along very well, and every now and then late at night, in entire communion of spirit, we would sit, arms around each others' shoulders, singing lieder, heads thrown back, tears streaming down our cheeks. At such moments life became almost too beautiful to bear except for our kidneys.

And this continued until the girls made their appearance.

Just who the girls were I never knew, nor their daylight professions, but one night they weren't there, and the next night they were . . . four of them, short, blonde, and stocky. They weren't pretty. The German middle and lower classes never go in much for female beauty. The girls were not what are known in breeding circles as dual-purpose animals; they were designed for beef and reproduction, not for love. Furthermore, they showed not the slightest interest in me except every now and then to stare at me reflectively for long and embarrassing moments as if I were a marmoset brought home by a sailor. I came to the conclusion, however, that the introduction of the girls was a further honor and a sign that my initiation was getting warmer.



This snapshot of Struthers Burt was taken at his ranch in Wyoming.

Nonetheless, a new element, a physio-spiritual one, had been introduced into our Eveless paradise. There were moments when I began to feel melancholy and neglected; this also was late at night, when the floor, as it frequently did, began to move up and down. Everyone else had something to cling to; a feminine neck, or bust, or middle, and cling we did—all but myself. I took this, after some reflection, as a further part of my initiation; when I was elected to the Schwabisher Verein undoubtedly I also would have something to cling to. My surmise proved to be correct.

Abruptly one night my four burly friends became definite and serious. They questioned me in detail and for a wonder they were perfectly sober. Their blue eyes bored into mine.

Did I realize the seriousness of joining the Schwabisher Verein?

I said I did.

I felt that I had now put aside childish things, and was very much alarmed.

Did I realize that it was for life; more binding than any possible future career; than wife or child?

I said, undoubtedly.

Would I defend the Schwabisher under all circumstances even unto death?

As I intended to return to America in a couple of years, and as I was entering Oxford the following September, I said, naturally.

Was I aware that the whole pur-

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pose of the Schwabisher, and every act of its members, even the slightest, was for the further glory of the German Empire and the German race?

I replied, with downcast eyes, that that was obvious.

This seemed partially to satisfy them and they walked home with me to the door of my apartment house. They were almost affectionate. The next night they would meet me at eight o'clock, not so? At eight o'clock I found them in the beer hall they had designated. They were still sober and still gimlet-eyed. Without any introduction they told me what they had decided. They were taking, I would understand, a grave responsibility in presenting my name to a verein as ancient and honorable as the one of which they were members, although they had come to the conclusion that, even if I was an American and a foreigner, I was not altogether unworthy. Nonetheless, they did not really know me well as yet—this after almost two months of heroic beer drinking on my part!—and so it was necessary to know me better. More intimately. To see me in action. To discover if I were indeed equal to the highest traditions of German youth and of the race of Goethe, Schiller, Friedrich Barbarossa, and Prince Otto von Bismarck. Very well, here then was their plan—my knightly ordeal, as it were. My vigil. If I passed this successfully my name would be presented to the Praesidium of the Schwabisher Verein. It was the beginning of May. In two weeks it would be warm. There would be the May Holiday. We would all go down the Rhine together for ten days or so—the ten of us.

The ten of us? I asked.

Certainly. There were ten of us, weren't there? Five men; five girls.

But I haven't got a girl, I protested weakly.

No, but I would have one. One would be easily found.

Would I see her first?

They were impatient. Probably—but what difference would that make? One would be found.

That was a long while ago. I can't remember whether I was more moral or more esthetic, but, at all events, I was shy, and still am. Besides, I had a vision: a vision of going down the Rhine and coming back, all ten of us, continually illumined with beer or white wine, singing and shouting, and occasionally fighting or kissing, flowers in our hair or behind our ears, our hearts big with the beauty of Germany and German life. And then there would be those ultimate moments when, holding hands, silently weeping, we would sit on deck, completely overcome. That, in prospect, seemed especially depressing. Nor was that all.

I have two aunts, charming ladies, Philadelphians, who, until recently, were persistent travelers. Unexpected ones, too. They would make up their minds in a week and be off. Southern Germany in the spring was a favorite haunt of theirs. It would be embarrassing to appear on deck some morning, slightly drunk and deeply moved by beauty, and surrounded by one girl, or five, and find my aunts staring at me. Even aunts who travel a lot don't like that sort of thing, especially if they're Philadelphians.

I felt that I was getting too deep into foreign ways and customs, however admirable.

My hesitation, I could see, offended my friends. Their blue eyes were cold. Who was I, part Indian probably, to question even momentarily such a gracious gesture of intimacy held out to me by members of a superior and cultured race? I said I would think it over. They nodded their heads without much interest. Very well—I could let them know.

IT was the sausages, I think, that decided me. They were white sausages about ten inches long and highly spiced, and I don't like spiced sausages, anyway. Two nights later my four friends and myself, and the four girls, were sitting at a table in an open-air restaurant, and it was very lovely. Very romantic. A warm May night, and the trees fragrant, and in the distance a military band. I had about come to the conclusion that I was going down the Rhine, aunts or no aunts. I was not an author as yet, but I had an author's nature, and everyone who knows authors knows that, although as a rule they only do a thing once, there're so many things to do, that most of the time they're doing something they shouldn't. It seemed to me criminal to neglect this opportunity to become a member of a German student verein. I'd grit my teeth and go through with it. And then the sausages came in. It was a trifle late in the year for sausages, but my friends wanted them.

Ach! said my burly friends in chorus and helped themselves first, and then the girls. Presently, I was to witness another custom of the country, a further tender evidence of kultur. The friend directly across the table from me, peeling a steaming sausage carefully, had placed the end of it in his mouth, and had now turned to his special lady-friend, around whose neck he had a strangle-hold, his eyes smiling an invitation. She seemed to know the technique, for she smiled too, and, cuddling closer in the crook of his arm, caught the loose end of

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the sausage between her own teeth and began to chew grindingly toward him. Together they chewed, their eyes alight with playfulness, until their lips met.

So! said my friend and sat back from the embrace. And then his tender and playful expression changed and he looked at me with cold distaste. I noticed that everyone was looking at me coldly. I suppose my barbarian lack of appreciation was visible in my face.

The hero of the episode leaned across the table challengingly. "So!" he said softly but bitingly. "So you have never seen this old German custom before? No? It is very sweet. Very schön. You would like to try it?" There was a finality in his voice. "Magda, here, will play it with you. She will not mind."

Right then and there I knew I would never be a member of the Schwabisher Verein.

"I don't like sausages," I said indistinctly, which is not true.

There was a silence, and, when I left an hour or so later, my four friends barely nodded to me and the girls didn't speak at all.

After that I saw my four friends occasionally, sitting in some beer hall. They acknowledged my bows in the most formal manner.

Finally I stopped speaking to them.

Diary of a New World Being Born

THE END OF THE BEGINNING. By Winston S. Churchill. Boston: Little Brown & Co. 1943. pp. 322. $3.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

A GREAT deal of unnecessary discussion about Mr. Churchill's character and political principles would have been saved if his critics and admirers had taken the pains to familiarize themselves with the record of his acts and speeches. Although he was for some time a member of the Liberal party he has always been in spirit closer to that school of Tory Democracy which has had adherents in all parties, even among the extreme Socialists—William Morris, for instance, had as deep a sense of tradition as any Tory. Mr. Churchill's standpoint is expressed with his invariable clarity, in a speech made in March last year, to the Central Council of the Conservative party. He was asked by a rash colleague whether he was "working for the new England or the old?"

> It is an easy question to answer, for you as well as for myself: we are working for both. . . . The new Britain and the old Britain have always dwelt side by side in our land, and it is by the union and inter-play of the new impulses and the great traditions both working together that we have managed to solve peacefully, yet finally, problems which have ruined for ever the unity of many famous States.

One of the corollaries of that faith was always clear to Mr. Churchill. If England was to hold all that was good in tradition and to accept what proved good or promising in new political ideas, it would be necessary to insure Britain's safety against any political philosophy which depended on the destruction of that belief in the congruity between tradition and development. It is this need which made him see Germany as an enemy; this need which made him see France and the United States as friends and allies. We all know how firm is his belief in Anglo-American friendship: it is good to remember that he has not lost his faith in France "whose restoration to her place among the great Powers of the world is indispensable to the future of Europe."

This volume, compiled by Charles Eade, contains Mr. Churchill's public utterances from New Year's to Christmas Day, 1942. I have read it through: and my first impression is of this great man's astonishing vitality. I fancy this quality is less rare among politicians here than in England. It is not always a desirable quality: unless yoked with intelligence, it can be as much a nuisance as a tornado: unless coupled with honesty, it can be a wilful menace. In Mr. Churchill you have it combined with exceptional intelligence, honesty so great that he has suffered political exile and the contemptuous condescension of men infinitely his inferiors, and a gift for direct speech unequalled in our time: and the consequence is a great statesman. Mr. Churchill rightly and proudly emphasizes in many speeches how much the world owes to Britain and the Commonwealth, but peculiarly to Britain, in the dark months after the fall of France. It is not, I believe, an exaggeration to say that, but for Mr. Churchill, that stand would not have been made with the resolution that produces success.

Britain welcomed his vitality, his courage, his ruthless candor because for years the country had suffered from chief ministers who were bored, sleepy, tired, meanly cunning, or intolerably stupid. In old Carlyle's phrase Mr. Churchill was a "yea-sayer" in a crowd of lifted eye-brows and tired interrogation-marks.

The great speeches in this book are familiar. To reread them is to be struck again by the exactness of Mr. Churchill's thought, his weighed use of words, the fine eloquence of his more vivid passages, and his uncanny skill in a certain half-savage, half-playful bantering. How good he is in his comments on "that bad man's" oratory in last October. "The most striking and curious part of Hitler's speech was his complaint that no one pays sufficient attention to his victories."

> Look at all the victories I have won, he exclaims in effect. Look at all the countries I have invaded and struck down. Look at the thousands of kilometers that I have advanced into the lands of other people. Look at the booty I have gathered, and all the men I have killed and captured. Contrast these exploits with the performances of the Allies. Why are they not downhearted and dismayed? How do they dare to keep up their spirits in the face of my great successes and their many misfortunes?

And a little after comes the bold and prophetic sentence "He sees with chagrin and amazement that our defeats are but stepping-stones to victory, and that his victories are only the stepping-stones to ruin."

I am glad that Mr. Eade has included in this volume not only the speeches, long and short, delivered during the last year, but also the answers to questions in the House of Commons. Otherwise we should have missed the pleasant retort to a Member of Parliament who asked him why a new tank was called "the Churchill tank."

> I had no part in that decision, but I can well believe that the fact that it was called by this particular name afforded a motive to various persons to endeavor to cover it with their slime.

That answer also serves to show Mr. Churchill's extreme generosity. If the truth wins, if the good idea gets across, Mr. Churchill does not care who gets the credit. He has made mistakes, and is more careful to admit them than to remind his opponents of theirs. He has never, so far as I can remember, allowed his mistakes or his ambition to stand in the way of any service he could render to his country or to the good cause throughout the world.

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WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD. By E. M. Forster. (Alblabook Edition). New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1943. 283 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

IT is the modest contention of Mr. Lionel Trilling in a critique (in book form) at once sympathetic and short that E. M. Forster is a novelist of enduring value, who can be "read again and again and who, after each reading, gives me what few writers can give us after our first days of novel-reading, the sensation of having learned something." I call this contention modest for the reason that Mr. Trilling does not, with a flourish of brasses in his own honor, announce that he, and he alone, has rediscovered neglected merit. In fact, he rather hints that Forster just misses greatness, or that you can, at any rate, make out a case to show that this is true. This tantalizing justice of insight encourages the reader to declare: "Why not, then, great?" and to read Forster for the evidence. The evidence is now easily available. The publishers of Trilling's study have issued reprints of two novels, and Alfred A. Knopf has issued two more in another format. (Not all my admiration for Mr. Knopf's contribution to American publishing reconciles me to such unnecessary cacophony as "Alblabook.") The absence of "A Passage to India" from these reprints is a tribute to this novel, already easily available in the Modern Library and in an Everyman's Library edition for which Forster has supplied interpretative notes. The short stories have not, I think, been recently reprinted, and of course the non-fictional prose must be hunted up in its original forms.

It is a comment on the decline and fall of fiction from its high estate (a decline and fall known everywhere except in bookstores) that Mr. Trilling has had to go back to an Edwardian to find a novelist he can reread, learning something at each perusal. Why has he had to turn to a writer whose first book appeared in 1905, whose latest (and apparently last) novel was published in 1927, and who has written no fiction since? The reasons are many, but it is here sufficient to point out that the American novel, at least, has been killed by the publicity men. They have forced it into the place which the commercial short-story held before the rise of illustrated weeklies. Novels pour from the presses in a shallow stream, each of them ballyhooed by a "publicity campaign," a build-up of favorable "quotes" from friends, a skilled skimming of reviews for favorable sentences, a pressure drive on book-sellers, who are told the amount of money the firm is going to spend on advertising the unique features of this particular book, the use of an eye-catching dust-jacket for precisely the same purposes as yesterday's eye-catching dust-jacket—and the novel disappears within three months. This is not art, but commerce; not production for use, but production for sale. Forster was not involved in the book racket.

Forster was, as Mr. Trilling points out, happy in his birth-date. He developed in the Horatian age of the English novel—that golden time when the Victorians were ending and the Edwardians beginning, when literary art had not become the monopoly of critics and poets only, but was generously at the disposal of even novelists. In his books, whatever the passions and the troubles of his characters, Forster conveys to us the serene maturity of an epoch now patronized only by vulgar and opinionated minds. A single date illustrates his good fortune. In 1898 "The Nigger of the Narcissus" appeared; and the great preface to "The Nigger" (one of the four or five crucial documents in the whole history of English fiction) announced a method and proclaimed a creed. That method and that creed are the subject of Mr. Trilling's first chapter, the title of which I have stolen. I am, however, not so concerned as is Mr. Trilling with the deficiencies of the liberal imagination in life as I am with the glories of the liberal imagination in literature.

E. M. Forster's books are acts of thought as well as works of art.

Mr. Trilling says many shrewd things about Forster's central theme—the inability of the English middle class, products of nineteenth century liberalism, to enter imaginatively the lives of others—Italians, Hindus, or even natural Englishmen, servants of Pan and Priapus in the England of Ruskin. Implicit in his excellent discussion is also the splendor and strength of the liberal tradition—the splendor and strength of thoughtfulness. This it is that gives body and insight to Forster's novels. This is the vitalizing force in John Morley and G. Lowes Dickinson, in Gilbert Murray and Oliver Elton, in Lord Balfour and Sidney Webb, as it is the vitalizing force in the fiction on which Forster was nourished and to which he proudly owes allegiance—the novels of Meredith and James and Conrad and Galsworthy. Forster's books are acts of thought as well as works of art. He does not, like the Marxians and the post-Freudians, write a novel as an act of emotional relief. He knows other impulses than anger. His books can be reread because they have a quality defined by a great neglected Victorian. They have fundamental brainwork.

But brainwork is not all. Brainwork uncontaminated by sensibility gives you the brittle fiction of Bernard Shaw and Chesterton or that of the propaganda novelists of our time. The great fusion achieved by the liberal imagination in the decades that nourished Forster, a fusion more highly tempered than at any other recent time in English history, was a fusion of thoughtfulness and sensibility. The Victorians knew that human life might be lived nobly; the Edwardians discovered that sensibility could not

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be denied. It is subtly wrong to think of the inheritance from Swinburne and George Meredith as mere neo-paganism; it is true to note in the movement of the age a reaching out for more than intellectual issues and moral values—a sense that the solid satisfactions of life include sexuality and physical energy, a sense of the body and a sense of an over-soul that, if it was not transcendental, was at any rate sweet and sanitive. It is in this dual world that Forster's characters have their richest being. Some, like Gino in "Where Fools Rush In," are rooted mainly in Priapian values, and some, like Helen in "Howards End," seem to know only Plato, but the novelist knows both worlds and so do his greater characters.

It is, indeed, a sense that the life of flesh and blood floats suspended in a larger world of secret and important meanings that makes Forster worth rereading. Like other men in that great and wonderful generation he gave up Wordsworth, but he did not therefore rush into Zolaism. He and John Galsworthy are almost the last novelists of whom it can be said that their characters dare to have not merely bodies, but souls. Spirit really speaks to spirit in his pages, but not in the mere Victorian meaning of the word. There is in his books an other-worldness neither wholly pagan nor wholly mystic, but a product of a heightened and educated sensibility. The lack of similar intelligent sensibility is the curse of American fiction. Our writers are afraid of sensibility because they mistake it for sentimentalism; or, what is worse, they turn it merely into sex.

There are, to be sure, large defects in Forster's books. His thoughtfulness and his sensibility serve him splendidly in great moments, but he is not always at a great pitch. There are times when, in place of art, he seems to take refuge in the privilege of being a gifted amateur. His novels are plotted, but he seems at unexpected moments mildly ashamed of the fact. Sometimes he makes colloquial virtuosity do the work of insight, and sometimes it is hard to believe he is not spoofing the whole show. But almost no living novelist has his sense of the tears in human things; and no living novelist has quite dared, as he has done, to by-pass the economic divisions of mankind for the sake of a deep and tender spirituality. To read him, to reread him is really to restore one's faith in the dignity of man. That seems to me why Mr. Trilling has done a laudable job in calling attention to Forster's qualities, and why these reprints of work that somehow does not date are justified in these lean times in fiction.

A Poem About a Saint

THIS MAN WAS IRELAND. By Robert Farren. New York: Sheed & Ward. 1943. 229 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by PADRAIC COLUM

A GREAT deal can be said for Robert Farren's book but not until something has been said against it. The verse forms do not represent an artistic achievement: they are too loosely worked. But the poem has true connection with the folk mind, and in having that it has authenticity; there is breadth in it; it has a boisterousness that is refreshing in a poem today; it has the quaintness and the occasional charming irrelevancy of the folk-tale; it has humor. And the poet has achieved the feat of getting published a book of poetry of over two hundred pages.

It needs a certain amount of special knowledge for its full enjoyment, and the reviewer who feels he should impart some of this knowledge has to be long-winded. The central character in the poem, the man who was Ireland, was one who adopted the name Colm, signifying dove, and who came to be known as Colm-cille, Dove of the Church. He lived in times when Britons, Picts, Saxons, Gaels were harrying one another in the island of Britain, when the kingdoms that were to be Scotland, Wales, England had still to be hammered out, and when the Roman order was being introduced, in some places reintroduced, by the Church. Colm-cille worked for reconciliation amongst those elements; he strove even to bring birds and beasts into the circle of human kindliness. He promoted the monarchy founded by the Irish in a little Scottish state, and thereby, with the prestige that his mission gave to the Gaelic language, set up a political and cultural nucleus for the medley of peoples who were the Scottish population of the time. In Ireland he was credited with saving the Bardic Order from dissolution after the outrageous and blackmailing satires of the poets had made the dynasts take action against them. He was also credited with the recovery of the old Pagan epic, the Tain, which, through the neglect of its custodians, the Bardic Order, had been lost and forgotten: he raised the original composer of the Tain, the long-dead Fergus MacRoy, from the tomb, and had him dictate the epic to the chastened bards. Here is a place to give a specimen of Robert Farren's verse: it relates to the recovery of the epic, but it is also a tribute to the story-tellers whose influence is so evident in this poem:

By ashen sods where shadows mope
a cailleach puffs a pipe to ash,
and fumbles under thoughts like smoke
for words that lift the spirit's latch.

Words that have crept down time on rungs
of country cailleachs' tongues unchanged,
flushing with flame the smoke that clung
around a race's heritage.

And yet no scribe's pen could have scratched,
nor scholar's spelt back Ireland's eyes,
nor cailleachs' mumbling under thatch
made candled nights for country boys.

Nor poet fed from shining jet
with welling water their God's-plot
had not the Dove drawn back to breath
the epic Ireland had forgot.

Drawn back to breathing flesh MacRoy,
and, re-enduing ghost with bone,
wormed from his shuddering tongue the Tain,
and laid him down to death, alone.

Colm-cille had not always been for appeasement: he did not accept the verdict of the King of Ireland in the copyright case (the first recorded) in which he was defendant. By working all night in a monastery while the other monks slept, he transcribed a book that was unique in Ireland just then. The monk who owned it demanded that the copy be left with the original in the monastery. The king and his law-advisers did the best they could in this unheard-of case: the only precedent they could lay hold of was in the maxim of the law of a pastoral state: "With every cow her calf." The king rendered it: "with every book her calf-book"—every copy stays with its original. The verdict

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was equitable: unless the king wanted to start a New Deal in the interest of that recent arrival, the book, he could give no other judgment. But Colm-cille, instead of accepting the verdict, stirred up his own people to war against the high king—he belonged to a princely family—and the result was slaughter and destruction. Penitence, the tradition has it, led to his exiling himself from Ireland and to his founding of Iona. The materials for the projection of Colm-cille both as an historical and legendary character are ample. Adamnan, one of his successors in Iona, wrote a life of him in Latin, and in Tudor times a Northern prince collected all the traditions that had grown up round him. It is this book of Manus O'Donnell's that Robert Farren has versified for us.

All the salient episodes in Colm-cille's legend are in "This Man Was Ireland," related in verse that changes its rhythm to fit the different episodes and Gaelicized by the use of assonance instead of full rhyme. One wishes that the verse was more drilled and formed. And yet the very desultoriness of the poem has character. One thinks of things that are Irish and that have need of improvement. and yet with the dignity and interest of an ancient inheritance have a memorable sort of character—one thinks of long discussions beside peat-heaped firesides, of dances on country platforms, of long ballads sung to fiddle tunes, of day-long fairs. When it comes to descriptions of royalties, we are reminded of the gold and bronze ornaments and the great beads of amber in the National Museum in Dublin. It is a place and a people rather than an individual that come over to us, and perhaps "This Place Was Ireland" would be a truer title for the poem than "This Man Was Ireland."

Some time ago I had a letter from the editor of the *Dublin Magazine* in which he told me he was publishing a good deal of the work of the Welsh poets as the native stock was running pretty thin. "This Man Was Ireland" is reassuring: it has not the strictness of form that another poet who uses Gaelic assonance always has—Austin Clarke. But it has soil about it and sap within it, and this makes it a book to be welcomed.

The Nature of John Keats

FOREVER YOUNG: A LIFE OF JOHN KEATS. By Blanche Colton Williams. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1943. 305 *pp.*, index. $3.50.

Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts

ANY book that sends a new generation to the poetry of John Keats serves a purpose: and in so far as Dr. Williams's book may do this it will have the same kind of usefulness as has a guide-book to a familiar and loved country. "Forever Young" is professedly an account of John Keats the man from the time of his first book—published when he was twenty-one and a half years old—to his death. Dr. Williams has an undistinguished style; but occasionally she catches fire from her subject; and she emphasizes—as Edmund Blunden did in his monograph—the indomitable spirit, the force, the pugnacity of the youth whom, as a poet, so conservative a critic as Matthew Arnold put beside Shakespeare.

Dr. Williams must also be congratulated on her skill in suggesting, with great fidelity as a rule and always with plausibility, the nature of Keats's relations to his different friends; she is especially good in her analysis of the debt to Leigh Hunt, and the discomfort inseparable from any connection with that vain, pardonable man; and of the close friendship with Brown and Dilke. She can be severe yet just in her story of the Keats guardian, Abbey; and she is gloriously fair to that often misunderstood and maligned girl, Fanny Brawne. I think, however, she makes too little of the agony caused to Keats by Fanny's temperament. Keats surely suffered, and expressed, in the famous "Ode to Fanny," not only "unendurable pain" and jealousy, but a vehement sense of injustice. The Fanny of moods and of delight in dancing and gaiety destroyed the Fanny of imagination and reality. I don't mean that Keats was right or fair: but he believed he must defend his Fanny even against the actual girl's possible profanation of that shining and immortal vision.

I am sorry, however, that Dr. Williams has chosen the fashionable method of fanciful biography. Pages are filled with conversations based on Keats's letters, on our knowledge of his actions, on friends' accounts—conversations that to me at any rate give the book an impression of unreality. I am sure Dr. Williams has good authority for her dialogues: but such a method as this, comparable roughly to Shakespeare's use of Plutarch, can only be defended when used by an author of supremely creative imagination. Dr. Williams is a good, trustworthy, and sympathetic reporter; but she is not a poet, equal to such a task as she has here set herself.

The New Poetry

NOTES TOWARD A SUPREME FICTION. By Wallace Stevens. Cummington, Mass.: The Cummington Press. 1942. 45 *pp.* $3.

NEW POEMS. By Dylan Thomas. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. 1943. 26 *pp.* $1.

MR. ZENITH & OTHER POEMS. By Edward Doro. New York: The Bookman Press. 1942. 55 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by Dudley Fitts

I ARRANGE these titles in order of merit. The first is very high, among the apical works of our time; the second is not so far beneath it as Dylan Thomas's irresponsible first book, "The World I Breathe," might have suggested that it would be; but the third is off to one side and pretty far down.

It is nonsense to attempt, in anything less ambitious than an extended essay, criticism of Mr. Stevens's latest book. One can only say that it represents the full flowering of a tendency which was visible in his work as far back as the revised edition of "Harmonium"—a tendency away from pure rhetoric, from decoration *sui causa*, towards philosophical statement. Yet, in moving so, it has at no point abandoned or even qualified the intricate melodic and harmonic invention that set Mr. Stevens with Eliot and Yeats and Pound, years ago, as one of the master verbalists of modern English: all this has been kept to adorn a steadily increasing depth. Certain affectations have been kept as well: the curious Whitman-like obsession (in how un-Whitman-like a setting!) of snips of foreign languages; a certain preciosity which occasionally gets com-

Wallace Stevens

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Dylan Thomas

pletely out of hand; the strange noises (for instance: "an Arabian in my room, / With his damned hoobla-hoobla-hoobla-how"). Thus, a fine apostrophe to the world ("Fat girl") precariously names the globe "my fluent mundo"; the god's name inevitably produces such a phrase as "Phoebus is dead, ephebe"; and when the ocean "Howls hoo and rises and howls hoo and falls," I am inclined to wish that the poet had never heard the mob jeering Coriolanus out of Rome. But when one has noted these flaws, as one notes the flaws in anything that one loves, what richness of art and matter remains! The poems are a many-faceted discussion of the esthetic of poetry and hence of the meaning of existence, of the Fictive and hence of the True: "How simply the fictive hero becomes the real; / How gladly with proper words the soldier dies, / If he must, or lives on the bread of faithful speech." And in a fairly strict form—each poem is composed of seven unrimed or, at most, vaguely assonanced tercets—there is presented to us something better than a "fluent mundo": it is a picture of the world itself.

Perhaps "irresponsible" was too harsh a word for "The World I Breathe"; but I felt it then, and I feel it now as I compare "New Poems" with the old. There was so much actual hoobla-hoobla-how there: a wild, disordered, super-Dali romanticism of shifting symbols and images, a refusal to come to any terms with however sympathetic a reader. It would be wrong to say that these new poems are less exuberant; but Mr. Thomas no longer gives the impression of addressing himself solely to the anesthetist. There is an assured control in such poems as "On a Wedding Anniversary," "The Marriage of a Virgin," "And Death Shall Have No Dominion," and "Amongst Those Killed in the Dawn Raid Was a Man Aged One Hundred"—to cite the most successful—that legitimizes their extravagance, that makes organic the whirling passion of image and rhythm. The longest poem—too long: it coruscates into tedium at last—is the "Ballad of the Long-Legged Bait," a curious example of the frantic and the eloquent at once. a failure in itself, but a failure whose promise is abundantly fulfilled in the more disciplined poems that I have mentioned.

The best that can be said of "Mr. Zenith" is that it has its deft moments. The tone is variously derivative, with the early Eliot preponderating. There are amusing parodies, and at least one splendid Augustan moment: "She sang, and philomels grew hot with fear / And Jubal, frustrate, broke his lyre to hear." But my attention was anything but held by such tricks as names reversed—one of the characters is Drawdê Orod, and another is Evol: you read 'em backwards, see?—, Hellzapoppin' asides to the reader, and, in general, an armory of fairly ponderous gags. The poem is ill constructed, moreover: the various episodes are neither significant in themselves nor significantly related to one another, and the heavily aaa-rimed tercets of the narrative framework do not really seem to frame so much as to disjoint and kill. Mr. Doro is happier in a few of the shorter pieces, notably "Refugees," but he never comes within Orod distance of Dylan Thomas, to say nothing of Wallace Stevens.

Before the Walls of Jericho

JOSHUA: A REALISTIC BIOGRAPHY. By Rogers MacVeagh & Thomas B. Costain. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1943. 310 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD ELLIS

OF all books in the Old Testament, that named after Joshua has the bloodiest passages, accounts of the most merciless slaughter. Even though we may hope that the old chronicler exaggerated the number of men, women, and children slain, the book of Joshua is a record of brutal and ruthless conquests, of exterminating war. It is also, however, a record of faith kept and of trust, even when gained by deceit, honored and unbetrayed. Then, as now, the people of the Jews kept their pledged word. The most famous incidents, the best-remembered are two. First, the aid given by Rahab, the harlot, to Joshua's spies, and the safety awarded to her and her family. Rahab was always honored in the records of the Jews; and her name and that of Ruth the Moabitess (two aliens) are the only women's names given in St. Matthew's genealogy of the Lord Jesus. The other incident concerns the people of Gibeon. This tribe was in the road of Joshua's advance on Canaan; fearing annihilation its rulers sent ambassadors who pretended to have come from a remote country, having heard of Joshua's fame, anxious to make an alliance with the people who had destroyed Og of Bashan. Their offer was accepted. Then, when the truth came out, and the five kings, led by Adonizedec of Jerusalem, moved against Gibeon to destroy it, Joshua and the Jews met their armies and utterly conquered them in the Valley of Ajalon, the battle that moved an old poet, author of a book now lost, the Book of Jasher, to make his bold image of the sun standing still, and the moon, until the conquest was complete.

It is the purpose of Mr. MacVeagh and Mr. Costain to reconstruct from the records the character of Joshua, the nature of his military genius, and the facts behind that famous event, the toppling down of the walls of the city of Jericho. They have done a most admirable piece of work. I should not have thought that they needed to have spent any space on refuting the notion that the poet's hyperbole of the heavenly bodies standing still represented an actual fact: surely no one today believes that. On the other hand, the treatment of the fall of Jericho is excellent. We know from the work of recent archeologists that the walls did fall. Mr. MacVeagh and Mr. Costain put forward an explanation. During the six days when the armies, accompanied by the Ark, marched and marched round the city in complete silence; marched while the beseiged men of Jericho watched and feared

Thomas B. Costain

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and chattered and called on their gods, Joshua's sappers were busy; and on the seventh day, when the besieged had lost nerve and were terribly apprehensive, when the armies rushed forward with shouting and exultation, the savage warriors completed the sappers' work and stormed into the city over the tumbled walls.

Mr. MacVeagh and Mr. Costain have, however, done far more than explain difficult points in the career of Joshua. With sympathy, with a poetic skill, with a just recognition of the vast gulf that separates these warring tribesmen from us, they have made not only Joshua himself, and Moses, credible men, but contrived to individualize, with little touches, the minor characters of the drama—the luckless Achan, for instance, Achan the looter, whom the people stoned to death. They write a simple, direct style, less discursive, less personal than Mr. Louis Golding's in his similar excursion into the remote past. Most masterly is their appraisal of Joshua himself, as the true leader, simply defined by them, as the man "whose leadership most contributes to the welfare of the led." At the end of the volume is reprinted the book of Joshua: I wish in subsequent editions they could reprint G. K. Chesterton's stirring ballad on the warrior and the battle of Gideon, a poem which in its brief compass accomplishes also the grand task of giving light, and form, and reality to the people too often seen only in mosaics dimmed by dust and distance.

Quintessence of Contretemps

EQUINOX. By Allen Seager. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1943. 408 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THIS is an absorbing story of a half dozen New Yorkers during the winter of 1939-40, against the background of an uncertain and hesitant war more distressing and ominous than the Battle of Western Europe that finally shattered the uneasy lull. Reluctant to witness the sickening disintegration of his beloved France, Richard Miles throws up his job as a foreign correspondent and returns to New York to establish a home with his motherless, seventeen-year-old daughter. Painful echoes from overseas are soon almost drowned out by a harrowing domestic misfortune, brought rapidly to a tragic climax by Miles's stunned confusion and his well-intentioned but inept handling of an extremely delicate situation.

This misfortune is the development of an incestuous love for Miles by his inexperienced, convent-bred daughter, who has long been hungry for affection. This dark theme is not treated euphemistically and timidly but candidly enough to disturb faint-hearted readers. Through mischance Miles seeks help from Verplanck, a wealthy amateur psychiatrist whose cold villainy is almost incredible. He promotes acute alcoholism in a "friend" in order to make a satisfactory clinical study; he will connive at his wife's adultery in order to chronicle her behavior and reactions; through noxious curiosity and sheer sadism he would entice Miles and his daughter into literal incestuous relations. In his sly machinations he reminds one of the callous Quinette of "Men of Good Will," but Verplanck is by comparison often *gauche* and bungling. His villainy is modern, however, and the Gothic horrors are streamlined and Freudian; the echoes of Krafft-Ebing are persistent, and there is little evidence of the rationing of physiological detail. In a subtle manner these private horrors parallel in Miles's consciousness the tragic decay and death of a European civilization romantically precious to Miles since his youth. The war itself is a useful outer-framework of the plot: it provides a credible beginning for the narrative and also the means to end the novel swiftly and correctly after the painful catastrophe.

The novel, particularly in the early sections, is curiously disjointed. It is studded with short stories, interesting in themselves, but often only tenuously related to the story proper. Characters such as the lecherous Hungarian, the Scottish schoolmaster whose conversation seems inspired by James Joyce, and the vacuous athlete whose ambition it is to swim through life are described in elaborate and amusing detail, but have disappointingly little to do after we have become acquainted with them. The novel sprawls in the modern fashion, and affords us much delightful ironic observation by the way; but a unifying and tightening and a more rigorous selectivity would have increased the impact of the book, which already has considerable power.

Belgian Underground

PRIVATE REPORT. By Katherine Roberts. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1943. 326 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD R. PLANT

THERE is excellent material in this swift-moving story of Major Paul Denyn who wouldn't take Belgium's surrender and went underground to become the famous Terril, beloved and sheltered by the Belgians, hated and persecuted by the Nazis. Miss Roberts knows Belgium. She has a feeling for its landscape, its language, and its people. What is more, she has a thoroughly concrete idea of how the underground is working, how its people are risking their lives daily in order to hamper the Nazi war effort, and how they are all expendable, to a terrifying degree. The Belgian cities come alive, Bruges, Liège, and Brussels, where Madame Julie's famous establishment serves the pleasure of the Nazi officers and the interests of the Allied Intelligence.

The ingenious methods employed by the army of occupation and by the more dreaded Gestapo, to force the Belgian farmers and miners to produce more, so that Nazi Germany can go on destroying everything in which the Belgians believe, are described with an amazing knowledge of bureaucratic, political, geographical, and psychological details. There can be no doubt that the author has a profound knowledge of her subject, a deep admiration for the Belgians who don't give up fighting after their army has surrendered and, at bottom, an all too understandable impatience with the slow progress of the Allies, whose military might alone can bring the day of liberation to the starved and bleeding millions of Europe. There is no doubt, either, that the author avoids all the obvious melodramatics to which writers of stories on the underground movements are inclined, and that she applies a much more literary style than in her previous "Center of the Web." Yet, despite all this, her novel, "Private Report" remains unsatisfactory, while her mystery, "Center of the Web," is one of the best of its kind. Probably one of the reasons why the more literary effort does not come off so well is that there is no solid construction to the plot.

It is not that "Private Report" lacks action and intrigue. It has plenty of both, but they don't amount to a tight plot; the story rambles along and seems to run in a circle. As background material, however, as a picture of an occupied European country under the Nazi yoke, the book is most valuable.

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Ideological Termites

UNDER COVER. By John Roy Carlson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1943. 544 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by WILL IRWIN

"Under Cover," by John Roy Carlson, became a subject of national interest recently when the publishers, E. P. Dutton & Co., announced that steps had been taken to limit distribution of the book by various individuals and organizations mentioned by Mr. Carlson (see Trade Winds, *page 16). Inquiry at the publishers reveals that the campaign against the book, as was to be expected, has boomeranged in its favor. Booksellers are not only ignoring warnings that the book may contain libel, but are reporting increased sales. To date "Under Cover" has sold 30,000 copies.*

EXCEPT for a trained officer, the most effective spy is not a mercenary but a patriot who has volunteered to perform a nasty, ungrateful, and dangerous task for pure love of his country or his cause. The Armenian-American who disguises his identity under the nom de plume of John Roy Carlson belongs to that class. As he tells the story in "Under Cover," the lingering horror produced by the assassination of Archbishop Leon Tourian, stabbed before his own altar by Armenian fascists of the "Dashnag," together with an anti-Semitic pamphlet which he found in the New York subway, impelled him to look into the intrigues against democracy in the United States. During the next five years, or until his fascist "associates" began to penetrate his disguise of George Pagnanelli, Italian Fascist, he wormed himself into the rings and gangs of the Nazi and reactionary plotters until he had the confidence of their leaders and could serve as a valuable informer for one or two private societies which awoke to the Nazi peril long before the general public, and for the F.B.I.

Constantly, he took and kept notes on his conversations with such domestic and imported revolutionaries and Nazi agents as Pelley and Broenstrupp, Deatherage and Spividovich. From these and from his memories, he has constructed his own story of reactionary intrigues in the United States before Pearl Harbor. Much of his tale is not news any more and most of the characters in the piece are now either convicts or fugitives. But these intimate glimpses of traitors, sincere fanatics, and secret agents at work contribute a piece of information which even the testimony at their trials has lacked—the psychology and the motives of such men and women.

It is a gallery of trolls; of people so abnormal in their mental and spiritual processes that they seem difficult of comprehension because they stand a little apart from the human race. First of all there is William Dudley Pelley, the ex-clergyman who became an author and in that capacity contributed to the magazines some copy which it was hard for any reasonable person to swallow. "Carlson" knew him when the sands of sedition were running low and even his courage, which is the one virtue that everyone grants him, was for the first time shaken. But even impending disaster could not rouse in him even an echo of sincerity. Pelley's career was a pewter imitation of Hitler's tawdry model. He was drunk with the desire for power.

Then there was Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling of "The Red Network," whose mainspring, doubtless, was fear—the Communist bogey. On the other extreme from Pelley, she believed with a sincerity that was sometimes tragic—and the more absurd the story, so long as it gibed with her illusions, the more ardently she believed it. Colonel Eugene N. Sanctuary, "a sombre man in his sixties, with a long face, austere, frozen in its grey pallor, dressed completely in black . . . resembled a heap of ashes," seemed to represent the militant dupe. He, too, was a great believer, the kernel of his creed being hatred of Roosevelt. Laura Ingalls, as the author sees

(*Continued on page* 20)

FALANGE. THE AXIS SECRET ARMY IN THE AMERICAS. By Allen Chase. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1943. 278 *pp.* $3.

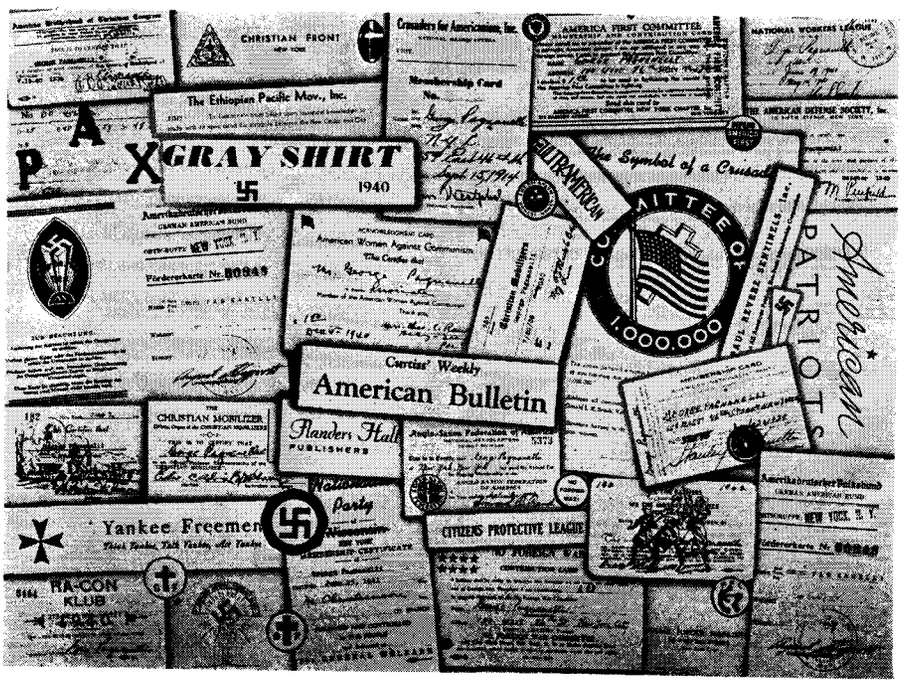
Reviewed by STEPHEN NAFT

ON January 2, 1942, three weeks after Pearl Harbor, *Arriba,* Madrid's official organ of the Falange Espanola and of Franco Spain's government editorialized:

> The ancient and renowned culture of the magnificent Oriental Empire, and its exceptional human values, are shown in the important victories of the first days—victories that have won for Japan the admiration of the world.

Published in *Arriba,* whose role in Spain corresponds to that of the *Völkischer Beobachter* in Berlin, these lines faithfully mirror not only the sympathy of the ruling Falangist Party but also the official attitude of "neutral" Spain's government. This is probably Franco's way of manifesting his gratitude to America for having in no mean measure helped him to get power, by preventing armaments from reaching the legal republican government when it was resisting the Falangist rebels, openly supported by Hitler's and Mussolini's cannon, tanks, and airplanes, and 100,000 blackshirts from Italy.

That Franco's Falangists did not limit themselves to such theoretical expressions of sympathy, but were and still are actively engaged in plots and intrigues, espionage, and treason through their well organized Fifth



—*From the book*

A representative sampling of some of the "literature" discussed and analyzed in "Under Cover."

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Columns in this hemisphere and the Philippines on behalf of Germany and Japan is amply demonstrated in Allen Chase's book. Chase spent several years in collecting this material, some of which was supplied to him by the police departments of Cuba and other countries. He gives details and precise information, names and dates, and places and organizations in this and other countries as well as sixteen pages of photostatic reproductions, which, in spite of the somewhat sensational form, leaves no doubt about the real danger of Falangist activities in this hemisphere.

He tells how the expulsion of official Nazi and Japanese agents and diplomatic spies, or spying diplomats, of the Axis powers, the embassies and consulates of Falangist Spain, as well as the undisguised Falangist organizations took over and continued the work of the Axis spies.

There was, however, the difference that while Axis agents, foreigners, as well as American citizens, were occasionally imprisoned or deported, Falangists seem to have an enchanted life, at least in the United States and its territories. Some mysterious power in this country must have spread its protective hands over them, to prevent their being molested in their persons or in their work. Chase brings concrete facts to show how in the Philippines the Spanish Falangist, benevolently tolerated by the authorities, prepared the way for the Japanese invasion, and helped their conquest by the disorganization of the Civilian Defense into whose leadership the most active Falangists wormed their way. Japan showed its gratitude by bestowing high decorations upon the leaders of the Philippine Falange "for priceless aid." In Puerto Rico, outspoken Franco propagandists and former members of Falangist organizations, men who marched in Falangist uniforms through the streets of Puerto Rico, shouting "Franco, Franco, Arriba España," which corresponds to the Nazi cry, "Heil Hitler" or the fascist "Duce, Duce," are now prominent members of Puerto Rico's Civilian Defense Organization, and their wives and daughters serve, with Spanish charm, coffee to the sometimes talkative American soldiers. The same charming ladies are also frequent visitors to the Spanish Consulate in San Juan. The agent is in continuous communication with his embassy in Washington, and from there the news travels with diplomatic immunity over Madrid to Tokyo and Berlin. Chase mentions the case of a Spanish society lady of Arecibo, who on the day of Pearl Harbor excitedly shouted: "Viva Hitler! That is the man we need!" What happened to her? She is now prominently active in U.S.O. work. Another fact related by Chase is also rather puzzling. When the Puerto Rican garrison was increased, the authorities had to find suitable headquarters for the U.S.O. Two buildings were suitable, the Ateneo Puertoriqueno, the clubrooms of the anti-fascist, pro-Allied citizens, and the Falangist Casa de España which was flying the Franco flag. The Falangist building was larger and more modern. The authorities requisitioned the Ateneo, and the patriotic and pro-American Puertoricans lost their home. The Falangist flag still waves over the undisturbed gatherings of Franco's agents. It was only after the appearance of Chase's book, that Alberto Cugat, whose membership in the Falangist Casa de España was known, was removed from his job as chief of the Political and International Division of the New York Postal Censorship office.

As useful and as revealing as this book is, it is, however, strange that the author does not mention even by name the theoretician and forerunner of Falangism and Hispanidad,—Ramiro de Maeztu, the author of "En Defensa de Hispanidad." To omit this book in a report on Falangism, is equivalent to omitting the mention of Hitler's "Mein Kampf" in writing about the Nazis.

Mr. Chase concludes his book with the following warning:

> As long as we permit the myth of Spanish neutrality to exist, our war of defense remains less than total—and it nurtures the seeds of World War III. The entire background of World War II is tragic guarantee that if the Iberian Peninsula emerges from this war as the Fascist bastion that it is at this hour, then all our dead will have died in vain.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

CHARACTERS WHO SMOKED

Smoking was not, of course, the only thing or even the most important thing that this week's characters ever did. But each one has such a distinctive association with tobacco, as described below, that you should have no trouble in recalling (1) his name and (2) either the story in which he appears or the author who created him. Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 22.

1. This celebrated sleuth kept his cigars in the coal scuttle and his pipe tobacco in the toe of a Persian slipper.
2. His sudden introduction of pipe smoking into a medieval community alarmed the populace, who thought he was a dragon.
3. A trick cigar holder enabled this pirate to smoke two cigars at once.
4. He was president of an organization of pipe-smoking book sellers.
5. The package of My Little Sweetheart cigarettes saved the day for this boy when his rival smoked them and passed out.
6. This wealthy dilettante smoked a considerable number of *Regie* cigarettes while helping his friend to solve some celebrated murder cases.
7. Powerful stogies are as necessary in one's mental picture of this elderly lawyer as his stove pipe hat and his fishing tackle.
8. This Burma girl, as a respite from wasting kisses on the foot of a heathen idol, smoked king-sized white cheroots.
9. Not the least amazing thing in a certain garden was an insect three inches tall who sat on top of a mushroom smoking a hookah.
10. This doctor's wife found out too late that the cigarette she picked up in her husband's laboratory had been soaked in plague germs.

Fraser Young's Literary Crypt: No. 10

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 10 will be found in the next issue.

P AWOTBK DPO XPA OFL
OKPNBC LXK EPBGK XK
ZFGBM XPEK WO P ALPLK
FR GOWFO XK WA PO
WOSFLQBKLK POWDPB. XK
NKAKDVBKA LXK FMM XPBR
FR P QPWN FR ASWAAFNA.
VKOUPDWO RNPOJBWO—
BKLLKN LF P CFGOT DPO

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 9

BY PERSISTENTLY REMAINING SINGLE A MAN CONVERTS HIMSELF INTO A PERMANENT PUBLIC TEMPTATION.
OSCAR WILDE—
THE IMPORTANCE
OF BEING EARNEST

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American Surgeon's Odyssey

BURMA SURGEON. By Gordon S. Seagrave, M.D. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1943. 295 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MARK GAYN

THE Seagraves moved into Burma about a century ago. Before Gordon was born, three generations of them preached the evangel to the Burmese heathen. When Gordon himself was five—the age when boys want to be cops, robbers, or aviators—he wanted to be a medical missionary in the Shan States.

An American by parentage and thought patterns, Gordon studied in America. At Johns Hopkins, with his medical degree, he also acquired a wastebasketful of broken surgical instruments discarded from an operating room. In 1922, he sailed back to Burma with these tools, a young woman named "Tiny," whom he met at a summer camp, and their daughter.

The path of medicine in Burma, Seagrave discovered, was even steeper than he expected. The natives distrusted him. The British authorities offered little aid. Funds were short. The country in which he worked was wild, and resisted every effort to make life more comfortable. Instruments were lacking, as were trained nurses. There was no hospital.

But with stubbornness and good cheer, Seagrave gradually overcame all obstacles. Luck was with him. A tubercular patient whom he gave a year of life died on schedule. A Kachin native whose goiter he removed survived a native pork feast only a day after the operation. A woman with a cancer of the breast was saved from death.

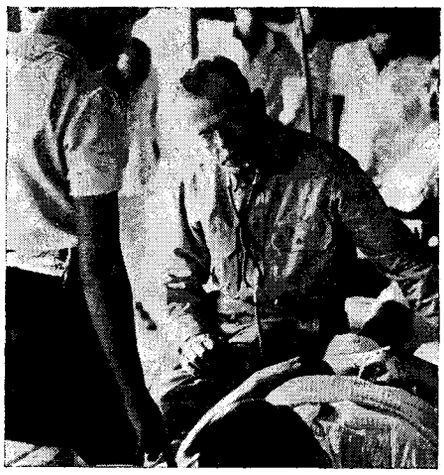
Each of these patients talked, and soon the hills of northeast Burma buzzed with rumors of the new American miracle maker. Few were able to pay for the care, but Seagrave did not complain. It was much too exciting to come face to face with surgical problems which never confronted Johns Hopkins's students. He sweated, improvised, experimented. With his "wastebasket surgery," he wrote medical history.

The shortage of nurses was solved in the same way. He describes the first nurse with the aid of quotes—"nurse." Seagrave then trained a Kachin and a Shan girl—the latter the daughter of the tribe's chief torture expert. In a year, he had one Shan and five Kachin girls. But since the Kachin is a primitive language, he taught them in Burmese. "It worked pretty well," he notes, "except in anatomy where the only names for the genito-urinary organs with which the nurses were acquainted were the filthy terms that they had heard in the bazaars when Burmese women cursed each other."

Thus he went on for twenty years, fighting disease, prejudice, superstition, lack of funds. When the hospital had thirty patients, the mission gave Seagrave $600 a year. The amount was generously doubled when the number of in-patients rose to 200. Yet, Seagrave not only built a large hospital (with his own, his wife's, and his nurses' hands), but also established clinics deep in the wilderness of Burma.

When the Chinese began to hack the famous Burma Road across the mountains, Seagrave took care of them. He checked the spread of malaria, which had been mowing workers down like a scythe. He repaired their bodies crushed by falling rocks. And, with sympathy and amazement, he watched their obdurate, single-minded progress. One of the most interesting passages in the book describes how the Chinese coolies actually levelled the road by patting the dirt with their hands—for lack of other tools.

When an American aircraft factory, assembling planes for China, was set up on the Burma border, Seagrave took care of its personnel, too. When Japanese bombers blasted the plant, he amputated countless limbs. And when the war came at last, Seagrave and his nurses became Lieut.-Gen. "Joe" Stilwell's "medical corps."



Gordon S. Seagrave

Seagrave's story of the war is moving and vivid reporting, showing the heroism, stupidity, confusion, helplessness, petty jealousy, native opposition, hopelessness, and fighting spirit of which the campaign was compounded. This, and the story of the retreat into India with Stilwell, are a valuable historical record, every bit as good as anything that has yet emerged from this war.

Seagrave is not a good writer. On a few occasions, he is not even a very literate one. But this very artlessness lends to the book an enchantment which might have been ruined by a more skilled literary practitioner. "Burma Surgeon" is a lusty, honest, exciting book about a good man. It blends war reportage, autobiography, and pure adventure in equal shares, and the brew is rich enough to satisfy any reader.

Camouflage of the Willow Ptarmigan

By Mary Owings Miller

COVERT and quill lie thick and white as floes
In Yukon dusks.
Limb-shadows which band his back are bare as rows
Of ivory tusks.

He clings on the ice with creepers, talon-sharp.
His sight is keen
As wind which hums with deep tones of a harp.
He is not seen

By searching fox nor circling bird of prey
So white, so still
Do carven feathers lie. No signs betray
The warning thrill

Set up by crimson coursing through his veins,
By tensing claws—
As past his ears with the doom of hurricanes
Move swift fox-paws.

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CRISIS THINKING

DO you sense it in the air? Can you feel the slight tremors, see all the little signs pointing to another period of introversion, cynicism, negativism following the war? If so, this is the time to do something about it.

Maybe it is only our imagination, but we seem to feel a slow but nonetheless ominous change in the intellectual climate from what it was two years or even one year ago. Try to reconstruct for a moment, if you will, the atmosphere immediately following Pearl Harbor, or following the fall of France, or during the period when the Luftwaffe was trying to bomb England into submission. Try to recapture the sense of urgency, the instinctive reaction to imminent danger, the intensity of determination that is more easily felt than described. Out of it came a sharpness and a clarity in our values that were in dramatic contrast to the ruffled edges in our thinking after the first world war. We weren't self-conscious, or afraid to discuss such subjects as the compatibility of democracy with human dignity, or the nobility of free institutions as contrasted with the corroding effects of regimentation. Writers talked about these things openly and sincerely because the things were real and we were earnest. We knew then that all the old belittling and grousing and cynicism were more than merely intellectual irresponsibility; they were the tragic blunders that helped to open the gates to the widening and rising tide of nihilism.

But that magnificent burst of clarity now seems to be spending itself. There is again the beginning of a reversion to the old 1919-1939 B.C. (Before the Crisis) type of thinking or attitude. It is slowly, almost imperceptibly, crystallizing, but here and there you see the effects. Perhaps it derives its elusiveness more from what is not said and done, than from anything direct or positive. There is the curious falling off in idealistic fervor; there is the strange feeling of intellectual exhaustion—frequently the forerunner of and invitation to reaction. You can't define it in so many words but you get the feeling that you would be regarded as an unsophisticated minor if you were to become impassioned publicly about free institutions, or if you were to say with ringing conviction that victory or defeat means opportunity or slavery. If the pattern runs true to form, pretty soon it will be smart to be cynical. There is the danger that once again we will saturate ourselves in a know-it-all, top-lofty intellectual no-man's land devoid of ideals, devoid of purposes, devoid of integrity, and devoid of reality.

What has happened seems fairly clear. We can create ideals in the face of a common danger but we have not yet learned the knack of keeping them in the face of a common hope. It is the old, old story. The crisis passes but the real trouble begins. It happened to Saul and David when faced with the Philistines; it happened to the Greeks who found an ideal when faced with the Persians, but who promptly lost it when the enemy was beaten; it happened to Rome, which died not because it had been beaten or overthrown but because it had nothing it wanted to live for; it happened only yesterday, in the last war, and there is the threat it may happen again today. Now is the time for high ideals. We've proved our skill in talking about things worth dying for. How about the things worth living for? Or are ideals something we think of only in moments of great desperation, when we realize how slim the chances are we may survive at all.

If the job before writers was big yesterday, it has multiplied itself today. They cannot forget for one moment the real, broad issues at stake. There have been and will continue to be mistakes, contradictions, untold mass suffering, and anguish. But these are inevitable considering the scope and nature of the struggle; to fail to look past these dark by-products into the larger needs and the larger ideals is to pass up the greatest opportunity for constructive thinking in history.

N. C.

Silence and the Poet

By Laura Benét

COMPELLING mantle of night air
He felt; maternal tenderness
Wrapped him around. With leaves, to bless,
She wove his darkly heavy hair.

He who had chanted of the world—
Heard trumpets breathe from ramparts—now
Lay quiet, her hand upon his brow,
Slumbering, his proud banners furled.

The words he would have written fled
Like mating birds from out his room.
He did not need its healing gloom
To drive them from his weary head.

"Be now *my* witness," Silence cried,
"And I shall tame both pen and tongue.
No syllable, if said or sung,
Shall occupy them while I bide.

"Sounding the scale of soundless hymns,
You shall transcend the planes of space,
Viewing Medusa's quelling face
Where, in the void, her island swims.

"The infinite you shall daily know
Until the finite fades. At last,
Emerging from the muted past,
Attired in a light like snow,

"Speech will return, new-sprung as flowers;
Humans like angels share your road;
Purified ever from the load
That shackled your immortal powers."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Inventory or Casket?

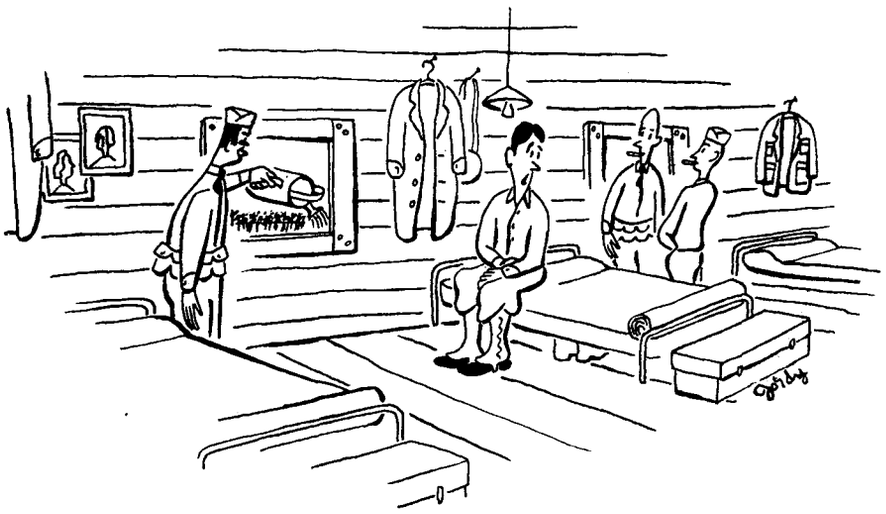
SIR: The New England edition of your esteemed journal, issued last May, was labeled "A Cultural Inventory." A better title would have been "A Casket of New England Traditions." Even though the impression was given that all New England culture died with Emerson, I would like to argue that there is still much alive and dynamic in the land of cod fish and God.

To make my point clear, consider the article by Mr. W. T. Scott who attempted to prove that the newspaper tradition in New England has "precipitated a momentum"; whatever that means. This may be possible of proof, but not by the data he offers.

Mr. Scott takes as a typical, and rare, example of an old-time fighting New England newspaper editor the late Howard Hindley, for many years in charge of the editorial page of *The Rutland Herald* in Vermont. I cannot let go the impression that Mr. Hindley was a typical, rare, fighting, Vermont editor. When William Fields, Sr., one time business manager of *The Chicago Tribune* and later a founder of *The New York Daily News*, bought *The Rutland Herald*, about, I think, twenty years ago, he was the first, in over 100 years, to implement the early progressive and forthright traditions of this journal. He made it a fearless, independent, and influential newspaper with an editorial page that was the opposite of narrow, bigoted, and provincial. He was wholly above personal and sectional squabbles. When Mr. Fields died about ten years ago, his young son William, fresh from Yale, found himself in the newspaper business. Even though he was not the man his father was, he made a noble attempt to carry on his father's excellent beginning and he did not do badly. Today, that paper is the best in New England . . . which isn't saying much, so I shall say it is one of the best in the entire country.

In justice to the truth, little of this can be credited to Howard Hindley. As Mr. Scott has said, Mr. Hindley was editor of this paper for thirty-five years and "he divided his time between running *The Herald* and taking part in political campaigns." I must be brutal . . . but Howard Hindley never fought for a purely disinterested or academic cause in his life. In no strict sense of these words was he typical of the old-time, fighting, independent, and courageous Vermont newspaper editor.

I don't say that Mr. Hindley never fought for a great or even minor cause. But I do say that there is a profound canyon of difference between mercenaries who fight for the cause of a boss and those who fight for a cause of their own. It is not so much a confusion of fiduciary ethics as it is of incentive.



"Albert, you know, grows enough parsley to supply the whole camp."

If Mr. Scott wanted to pick as a real example of a typical and rare fighting Vermont editor, why did he not consult a few of us who know Vermont, and who could readily have told him of the late Walter John Coates of North Montpelier? Again to keep the record clear, it was not Howard Hindley whom Sinclair Lewis had in mind when he created the character of Doremus Jessup in his novel "It Can't Happen Here."

Be it remembered that Jessup fought, not for money or bosses but for ideals and principles.

If Lewis had anyone in mind for Doremus it was Walter Coates . . . and I know he was acquainted with Coates because I introduced Coates to him years back.

Coates, graduate of St. Lawrence University, a lover of books, a scholar, and a gentleman, was too liberal for the confines of the Universalist faith into which he had been inducted as a clergyman, and soon graduated into complete independence as a country store-keeper.

In 1926 Coates, with two friends, founded and kept going until his recent death a regional magazine *Drift-Wind* . . . unique and precious of its kind . . . free and independent and the purely personal organ of a real fighting Vermonter. Here in the back of his store, Coates not only printed *Drift-Wind*, but also many books and pamphlets. But it was not these things alone that made Coates the counterpart of old Ethan Allen, and a typical early-American fighting editor. It was his indomitable spirit and his fearless character as an honest man. He fought for causes!

In 100 years from now, all of us will be dead . . . and few of us remembered. But, if the judgment of posterity is as discerning and noble as I pray it will be, the names familiar to our great-grandchildren will be those of men who stood and fought for principles . . . not principals.

Coates never in his life fought for a cause that laid a balance in his cheque book . . . or a cause that he had not deeply, irrevocably, and enthusiastically made his own. Some of the battles Coates joined were for groups or persons he personally disagreed with and even abhorred, but because they were Americans Coates never hesitated in raising hell for their right to enjoy the privileges of democracy for which we are fighting today.

Coates, in his magazine, had a sense of literary values that was more optimistic than acute, and his paternalistic shepherding of second-rate poets was more charming and generous than it was appreciated or wise. But, through his entire life, Walter Coates never sold out . . . either himself or his friends. He fought and campaigned for the elder La Follette in Vermont when it was almost treason to oppose the Republican candidate. He took up many a cause such as giving the Communist Party of Vermont the right to appear on the ballot when it was not only unpopular but dangerous to do so. Coates was therefore bitterly hated and resented by certain strata of Vermont society . . . but he never gave in. He was one of the few men I have known in Vermont who religiously and meticulously practised what he preached, which was a very simple sermon; to wit . . . that the Bill of Rights should be observed even though you didn't like the people for whom it often was invoked.

So . . . I submit . . . Coates is the man Mr. Scott should have written about if he was going to establish the thesis that journalistic traditions gave momentum to the present.

VREST ORTON.

Philadelphia, Penna.

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TRADE Winds

THE LATEST cheapjack device for snagging a little free publicity for a forthcoming book is to take a sideswipe at some hard-working Government agency. The past few weeks have seen the nauseating spectacle of Ruth Mitchell making the completely unsubstantiated claim that the O.W.I. has held up her book on the Serbian Chetniks, and Representative Maas charging that the W.P.B. has refused his publisher sufficient paper to print a book he has written. No matter how palpably ridiculous these charges may be, certain gallant editors, intent upon smearing the Administration by fair means or foul, will print them in a prominent place. Thus the charges of Miss Mitchell and Mr. Maas were made public without the slightest effort to check the facts. Chester Kerr, of the O.W.I., denied the Mitchell charge categorically; and his word is good enough for anybody in the publishing business who has had the chance to appraise the bang-up and thoroughly conscientious job he has done in Washington. Miss Mitchell failed to state that the Oxford University Press, which originally contracted to publish the book, sold her back the rights. It is also noteworthy that Doubleday, Doran, who took over the rights relinquished by Oxford, have maintained a complete silence in regard to Miss Mitchell's attempted smear of the O.W.I. As for Representative Maas, he is the gentleman who toured the South Pacific battlefront last Fall, and came home to tell us that our generals, admirals, and executives were really a bunch of plumbers. The inference was that what the Far Eastern front needed was a Representative Maas to clean up the whole mess in no time flat. Donald Nelson took time out of a busy day to state that Maas's beef about paper being denied his publisher had no basis whatever in fact. I suppose both the Mitchell and the Maas books will be published eventually. I wonder if the kind of publicity that has been trumped up for them will sell any copies. . . .

TRADE WINDS applauds E. P. Dutton and Company, first, for publishing John Carlson's "Under Cover," and, second, for sticking to its guns when infuriated big shots tried to frighten them into withdrawing it from sale. "Under Cover" is an exciting and all but incredible exposé of Fascist agents and other enemies within our own country. A couple of the gents whose activities, in Mr. Carlson's opinion, entitled them to mention in his Who's Who of the Underminers of America began hollering "libel" the day it was published. Mr. Frank Gannett wrote letters to jobbers and booksellers all over the country, threatening legal action if they attempted to distribute copies of the book. By copyrighting the threatening letters, Mr. Gannett prevented anybody from reproducing them in the public prints. This was an ingenious legal device, but scarcely calculated to strengthen his position in the eyes of the public. If it was intended as a means of killing the sale of the book, it turned out to be one of the greatest boomerangs in literary history.

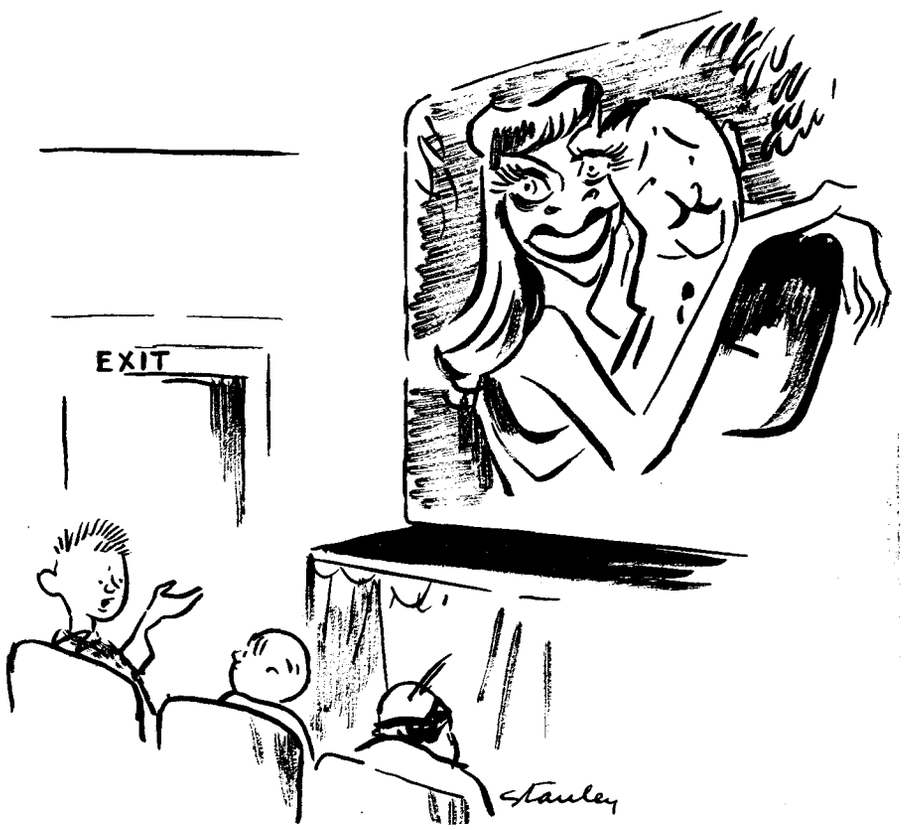
The Council on Books in Wartime, acting with commendable alacrity, gave "Under Cover" its official endorsement. Walter Winchell again proved what a potent factor he can be in the creation of a best-seller by giving it an all-out radio boost that had customers waiting for the doors of bookstores to open the following morning. "Under Cover" soared to the top of the non-fiction lists in New York and Chicago in one week. Dutton's John Macrae, never the one to duck a good fight, is ready to defend his book against all comers. This time he's on the side of the angels.

Puzzled readers may recall vaguely that Frank Gannett was suggested in 1940 as a possible candidate for the Presidency on the Republican ticket by *The Rochester Times-Union, Utica Press, Albany Knickerbocker-News*, and *The Elmira Star-Gazette*. By an amazing coincidence, all of these papers are owned by Mr. Gannett. . . .

"UNDER COVER" isn't the only new book that will make you wonder what in heck is going on right under our noses in this country. Putnam has published a book by Allan Chase called "Falange: The Axis Secret Army in the Americas" that reads like an Eric Ambler spy thriller. Don't miss it. The man who borrowed my copy in the Long Island spot where I spent my vacation put it down with a reflective sigh. "My goodness," he said, "Our State Department certainly seems to be in one Hull of a mess!" . . .

Anxious to end my vacation reading on a gentler note, I turned to Betty Smith's new novel, "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." The book cries out for cutting, but I enjoyed it nevertheless as a warm-hearted and colorful excursion into nostalgia. Miss Smith's description of an old coffee-and-tea shop brought back a pleasant memory of my own childhood:

One of Francie's favorite stores



"My sister is doing the same thing at home, but I'm too young to watch them."

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[writes Miss Smith] was the one which sold nothing but tea, coffee and spices. It was an exciting place of rows of lacquered bins and strange, romantic, exotic odors. There were a dozen scarlet coffee bins with adventurous words written across the front in black China ink: Brazil! Argentine! Turkish! Java! Mixed Blend! The tea was in smaller bins: beautiful bins with sloping covers. They read: Oolong! Formosa! Orange Pekoe! Black China! Flowering Almond! Jasmine! Irish Tea! The spices were in miniature bins behind the counter. Their names marched in a row across the shelves: cinnamon—cloves—ginger—all-spice—ball nutmeg—curry—pepper corns—sage—thyme—marjoram. All pepper when purchased was ground in a tiny pepper mill.

There was a large hand-turned coffee grinder. The beans were put into a shiny brass hopper, and the great wheel was turned with two hands. The fragrant grounds pattered down into a scarlet box that was shaped like a scoop at the back. . . .

EVER SINCE I have had anything to do with the Modern Library, it has included one anthology which struck me as several degrees below par, and that is its collection of ghost stories. This summer I finally have gotten round to the job of revising the volume. The first step in this process, duly recognized by the International Order of Anthologists and Livers on Other Peoples' Wits, was to comb through all other anthologies on the subject, thus availing myself of numerous invaluable tips, and avoiding months of research in dusty library archives. In the Garden City edition of "Twenty-Five Modern Stories of Mystery and Imagination" (a first-rate collection, by the way) I found a foreword by Phil Stong that amused me so much that I requested permission to reprint in this column his paragraphs on approved endings for all tales of vampires and were-wolves.

Vampire stories, says Mr. Stong, are ruled out unless they end in this fashion:

With trembling hands we threw back the lid of the coffin inhabited by the extremely late—say two hundred years or so—Countess Grimova Lapitupsky. (Italics, please). *The body was as fresh and flushed with the warm hues of life as if the Countess were merely sleeping.* I stood spellbound by her beauty—two hundred years is nothing for a beautiful vampire, but clothes are not vampires and play out in a century or so. I stood spellbound.

The old priest (preferably Greek Orthodox) looked at me severely. "We have our duty, my son."

He passed me the sharpened ash (the woods vary) stake.

"No, no," I murmured, hesitating, as I poised the cruel point over the lovely ivory bosom. (The technicians call this last touch Lech Appeal and there is too much of it in vampire stories to be quite healthy.)

The ponderous mallet fell, driving the needle-tipped *ashlar* and my thumb-nail into the beautiful demon's heart. A terrible scream and a great spate (it had better be a spate in a vampire story) of fresh blood gushed from wound and mouth alike.

"Gospadar e tvorets," said the Papa solemnly.

And then as I turned sadly away, a beautiful smile of peace rested for an instant on the lovely face before the Countess fell into dust.

No self-respecting werewolf story, continues Mr. Stong, can end any way but this:

Carefully we retraced my steps through the snow to the spot where I had fired the silver bullet at the monstrous white wolf that had terrified the Hungarian village of Kamenoi-Ostrow. Tearing, fumbling, leaping, paying no care to the sharp brambles which caught and tore at our garments and our unprotected faces, we came to the place where a great red pool of blood made a blotch on the white snow.

"Ah," said my companion. "Your shot scored."

He pointed to the great tracks of a wolf that led unevenly from the spot. A mile—two miles—three kilometers—and there lay the great wolf in the snow.

But then, even as we watched, the outlines blurred and changed and we looked at the white body of my betrothed, my Chicornia, dead and at peace, with my silver 75 mm. bullet in her heart. . . .

BEFORE CLOSING the subject on ghost stories, I would like to state that the best two I ever read, or ever expect to read, are Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw" and Oliver Onions's "The Beckoning Fair One." . . . And probably you have heard of the timid soul who was pattering hurriedly down a very dark corridor when he suddenly collided with a stout party whose approach he had failed to notice. "My, my," quoth the timid one. "You certainly gave me a start! For a second I thought you were a ghost!" "What, my friend," rumbled the other, "makes you think I'm not?"—and promptly disappeared.

BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTICS (No. 491)

HOWARD FAST:
CITIZEN TOM PAINE

He had finished his book . . . . .
He told the people of France and of
the world to believe in God . . . . . ;
His bible and proof were creation.
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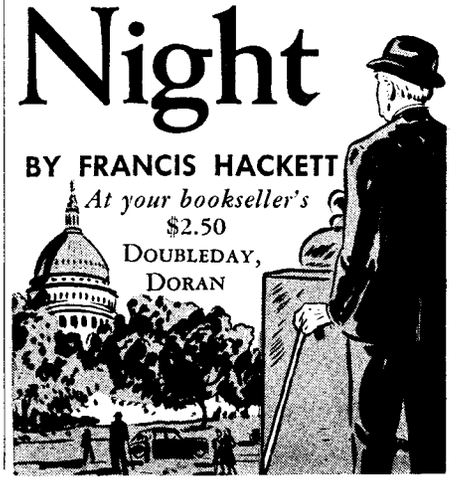

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The Phoenix Nest

Thoughts Concerning an Attack on The Chief Executive

O SAY can you see by the dawn's early light
What so loudly assailed our Executive's meaning,
Whose broad gripes and bright slurs in unperilous fight
(While the slander we watched) were with frenzy careening
As the eyeball's red glare,
The loud cries of "Unfair!"
Gave proof a peculiar Repub. was still there,
That the starred Spangler banner in triumph should wave
Where all slander is free in the home of the brave!

'44 dimly seen through the mystical deep
Where the Grand Old Partie in soft slumber reposes,
With no policy, aware of no "perilous steep,"
Whose political sleep half conceals, half discloses
In one drowsed eye a gleam,
Not a mote, but a beam,
Till in fury unreflective it summons a scream
That the marred Spangler manner must triumph and save
What all Landons agree on in the home of the brave.

Will it be so forever, when the President stands
For the free men who fight, 'gainst Post-War's desolation?
How the outraged Politicos clamor in bands
Charging dastard intent, with loud screams of vexation!
Yet conquer we will
Since our great Cause is still
Above any animus of Party to kill
Or the hard Spangler panner to howl to its grave,
While there's land for the Free and new homes for the Brave!

The Song of Tyre

I the blind Phoenician sailor
Saw great Tyre,
Watched the opal sea-mist veil her,
Sunset strike her towers to fire,
Heard her mariners' gusty singing—
Fleet feluccas race the night—
All that golden harbor ringing
In the evening light.

Fashioned full of wealth and wonder
Was that Tyre!
All her wharves were piled with plunder,
Gold and gear of man's desire;
Babel of tongues and chaffer of trading
All along her clamorous quays;
Oar-banked galleys, lateens lading,
Glamorous argosies!

Round her waterside carousing
I praised Tyre,
Praised her dromonds' purple housing,
Swart Sidonians worth their hire,
Praised old Ptolemy's pharos glowing
When we lifted Egypt's land;
Praised great Solomon's temple, showing
Jahveh's contraband.

With the wine in my eardrums ringing,
"O great Tyre!"
Loud I hiccoughed through their singing—
Till like lightning flashed the dire
Bolt of premonition through me
(Crackle of flames and rumble of wall!)
And the certainty smote to me
Of her thunderous fall.

On the hot breasts of my leman
In dark Tyre,
I, the prophesying seaman,
Heard that Jew with God for sire,
Gaunt Ezekiel's voice declaring,
"Brimstone judgment, fire and flame
Fall on Tyre, whose deep-sea daring
Only seals her shame!"

In the wine-shop by the water
Thus his cadenced accents came:

"I speak of Tyre the rock, Phoenician Tyre,
Tyre that is in Canaan, in Asher's land,
With Sidon to the north across Leontes,—
Tyre, her great king Hiram, sending David
Cedars, and cedar and fir from Lebanon
For Solomon's temple overlaid with gold,
Garnished with cherubims of olive wood
Within the oracle; and all the walls
Of the house round about with open flowers
And palm trees carved—Hiram who came from Tyre
To cast the pillars of brass and chapiters,
Covering the chapiters with pomegranates,
And stablishing the pillars of the porch
Lily adorned; who made a molten sea
Set with twelve oxen like a brimming cup
Filled with two thousand baths; and other marvels
With borders graved with cherubims and lions
And palms; who made the lavers and the shovels
And basons all of brass, and brought to being
The House of God for Solomon the King—
Hiram of Tyre whose cloudlike navies sailed
Bringing to Solomon gold from out of Ophir,
Apes and red sandalwood and precious stones;
Tyre that was proud, the place of perfect beauty,
With all its shipboards fir trees out of Senir,
Their masts great cedars, their oars of oaks of Bashan,
Their ivory benches from the Ashurites
And out of Chittim's isles; their broidered work
From Egypt on fine linen sails with blue,
And purple from Elishah's isles and Arvad,
Mariners from Sidon, ancients of Gebal,
Wise men her caulkers, ships of the Great Sea,
Persians her men of war, and men of Lud
Hanging the shield and helmet up to her;

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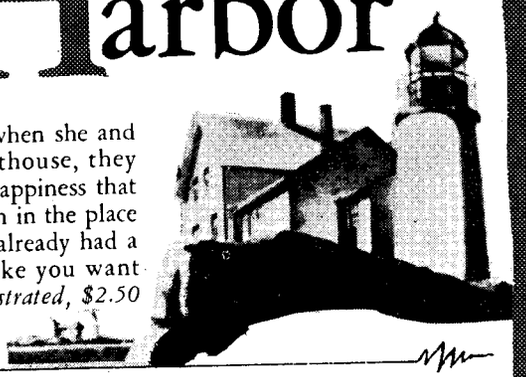

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Gammadins in her towers, her merchant Tarshish;
Javan, Tubal and Meshech at her fairs
Trading the mould of Man, Togarmah trading
Horses and mules, and horns of ivory
And ebony brought by the men of Dedan,
With Syria her merchant of fine linen
And broidered work, and emeralds, and purple,
Coral and agate, honey and oil and balm,
Damascus and white wool and wine of Helbon;
Iron and cassia and calamus from Dan,
And lambs and rams and goats from Kedar; spices
And precious stones from Ramah; and to her
The ships of Tarshish sang. She was replenished
Gloriously!
But on her fell the Doom,
On her the irrecoverable fall;
God's wrath for her idolatry; His fire
For what her ancients wrought within the dark
Each in the chambers of his imagery.
So now her towers and her suburbs shake
And all her pilots cry out bitterly
Casting dust on them, girding them with sackcloth,
Saying, 'What city was like to Tyre—what city
So glorious, so fallen?' All the Isles
Shout with astonishment, and all the merchants,
And all the Princes of the Sea come down
And lay aside their robes, and sit and tremble,
Taking up lamentation, saying to her,
'Oh how art thou destroyed who wast renowned
Of all seafaring men, a luminous city
Strong in the Sea! Now shall the Isles tremble
In the day of thy fall; for thus saith the Lord God,
"I shall bring up the utter deep against thee.
The waters shall cover thee. For as wolves ravening
The evil Princes came, and the sound was heard
Of their dominion; and the great King of Tyre
Cried 'I am God, I sit in the seat of God!
Behold I have great riches with my wisdom
And by my traffick have increased those riches
And am exalted!' " Therefore saith the Lord God
'Since thou hast set thine heart as the heart of God,
Behold therefore I bring strangers upon thee,
The terrible of the nations. They shall draw
Their swords against thy beauty, and shall dim
Thy brightness. Do thou, Oh son of man, take up
This lamentation upon the King of Tyre:
"Thou hast been Eastward in Eden, in the Garden,
With every precious stone thy covering:
The sardius, topaz, diamond and beryl,
The onyx and the jasper and the sapphire,
The emerald, the carbuncle, and the gold,
The workmanship of tabrets and of pipes—
And thou hast walked upon God's holy mountain,
The holy mountain of the beauty of God,
And up and down in midst of the stones of fire—
Ere by the multitude of thy merchandise
Thine heart was filled with violence, and thy reason
Corrupted, and thy sanctuaries broken
By the multitude of thine iniquities.
Therefore I bring forth fire in the midst of thee
Fire from the air and ashes on the earth,
Blood in thy streets and weeping in the dust
And the sword judging upon every side,
That if men ask of Tyre that once great city,
One shall reply: 'With Egypt desolate,
With great Assyria fallen! For her rowers
Brought her into deep waters, the east wind
Broke her asunder in the midst of the seas
That now she lies a bare and barren rock
Only the white wing-wafting seagulls seek
To perch on and defile, and mariners
Know only as a place for spreading nets
To dry in sunlight under a blind bright sky!'

Clattered the wine-cup from my grasping
In dark Tyre;
Shuddered the harlot from my clasping;
Stared and glared mine eyes on fire
As I sprawled the table, muttering
"Fallen, fallen, in all her pride!"
While the wine-den's lanthorn guttering
Cast its gleams upon the tide. . . .

Later, through thronged noon I stumbled
Streets of Tyre.
Suddenly my heart was humbled
And mine eyes were seared with fire . . .
While the prophesying shook me
Like a burning desert wind,
Vast enveloping darkness took me—
I was blind.

Therefore I, the ancient sailor,
Tell of Tyre!
Still I watch the sea-mist veil her,
Sunset strike her towers to fire,
Hear her mariners through my dreaming
Chanting 'mid her sails and spars—
Myriad lights at anchor gleaming
To Night's myriad stars!

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

IDEOLOGICAL TERMITES

(Continued from page 11)

her, seemed largely a case of perversity. Pete Stahrenberg, who edited the official organ of the American "National-Socialist Party," represented the professional Nazi who had repudiated all bourgeois morals and worked on Hitler's principle that the greater the lie the more readily the public will swallow it. It was his low-brow Italian assistant who, his eyes big with faith, said: "We gotta do something to save this goddam country from the Communists. . . . Take Roosevelt, he's a Jew. The Cabinet, the Supreme Court, the Post Office—they're all Jewish. . . . Cordell Hull, John Lewis, J. P. Morgan, Wallace, Perkins—they're all Jews. People . . . ain't been woke up." But one of the characters who does most to explain this state of mind was James True, "a white haired septuaginarian who looked like a minister . . . and on the wall, hanging by a leather strap, was the 'Kike Killer.' It resembled a policeman's night stick. . . . It came in two sizes, one for the ladies. True had actually obtained a patent for it." As he fondled a "Kike Killer," he talked much of arms and blood and slaughter. And glimpses of him through the book make it plain that he was enjoying a debauch of hate. That emotion, more than anything else, strikes "Mr. Carlson" as the factor common to all these people. They seem to have the not uncommon temperament whose owner loves to hate. Indulged enough, this becomes a ruling passion, as pleasant to the addict as opium, once he has got started as necessary, and in the end as destructive.

The book throws much new light on the set-up of Nazi intrigue and propaganda in the United States. However, when it comes to the larger aspects of the subject the author is less happy than when he deals with personalities. From my own knowledge, I should say that he overestimates the amount of fascist influence in the America First society, and underestimates the number of genuinely patriotic Americans who belonged to it because they believed, vividly if mistakenly, that we could live as isolated in 1940 as in 1840. And although most detached observers believe that in case we go as mad as was Europe in 1939 we will go Fascist rather than Communist, "Mr. Carlson" overstresses the danger. With regard to Boston, which professedly he visited only once during his adventure, he himself has probably been deceived by one of his "fellow" propagandists when he records anti-Jewish riots of the Nazi stamp on St. Patrick's Day. I write in the region of Boston, and friends who know the city inside and outside laugh at this tale. But one error should not invalidate this, the most intimate picture of the forces of destruction which worked here between 1933 and 1938 and in some respects the most illuminating.

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A Marine—Body and Soul

THEY MADE ME A LEATHERNECK. By Rowland Vance. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1943. 175 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by
COLONEL C. H. METCALF, USMC

LIEUTENANT ROWLAND VANCE, who is now serving "somewhere in the Pacific," tells how he became a Marine—both in body and in spirit—at Quantico, Virginia. His twenty weeks of training there was no sled ride. From the day he landed in Quantico and was promptly put into his place by a "hard-bitten, crusty sergeant who looked Marine to the teeth," until the sober graduation was over and he was ready to get at the tough job ahead, he raced through the days of incessant activity with such unbelievable speed that he came to agree with Sergeant Smith who had said, "There is no such thing as early or late in this outfit."

Vance's account is crammed with the ups and downs of the hectic days. He describes his first impressions, his first regulation hair cut, his first meal —when he learned that "food, as well as time, *superfugit.*" He creates a vivid picture of the difficulties of adapting oneself to crowded living, particularly of the Texans, who, by their determined individualism, convinced Vance that "if ever there is another Civil War, it will be between Texas and the forty-seven states."

Learning to roll "heavies" convinced him that "there is no such word as can't in this outfit." He describes his experience with weapons and tells how he came to respect them. The study of warfare on the old battlefield of Manassas proved highly interesting, even if he did feel that the Major was courting a free-for-all renewal of the Civil War.

Vance succeeds well in conveying to the reader his emotions on various occasions: his chagrin when "stucks constant variable" failed him in class room calculations; the thrill of the night attack; his emotion on the first wearing of the "Blues"; the unforgettable elation of the first salute; the realization of the hard road ahead and the keenness of his desire to get into it.

Vance's sense of humor carried him through the difficult days of training; he was able to laugh and thereby lessen the strain. Every page of his account is salted with wisecracks. He is not merely trying to be funny, as many other writers on the woes of trainees have. His is that rare type of humor that in no way detracts from the valuable and sound information he is giving. He shows life as it really is at Quantico; the real humor that bobs up in the midst of the heavy strain of training; the wisecracks that naturally come from college boys faced with a tough situation.

Vance's book will be of particular interest to Marine officers. More than half of the ground officers now serving with combat units in the various theatres of operations were trained at Quantico in the identical circumstances that Vance describes; results obtained by these combat units show that the ideals expressed by him hold good for all these officers. To the incoming candidate, the book will be of value; it will help him to keep a saving sense of humor and proportion. Perhaps, after reading it, he will feel more philosophical about his woes and will not be eliminated because of his unfavorable emotional reactions.

Parents and intimate friends of Marines now in service will derive much satisfaction from reading the book. It will help them to realize that their boy is not a mere link in the vast chain of war but that he matters as an individual; that there is a humanness of relationship between officer and man; that the outfit is concerned about the development of each boy into a self-reliant assertive individual who can think independently and take care of himself in any situation. We hope that they, too, may catch the spirit and, with us, come to say:

We glory in the title of
United States Marines.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Sherlock Holmes, in "The Musgrave Ritual," by A. Conan Doyle.
2. Hank Morgan, in "The Connecticut Yankee," by Mark Twain.
3. Captain Hook, in "Peter Pan," by James M. Barrie.
4. Roger Mifflin, in "The Haunted Bookshop," by Christopher Morley.
5. Willie Baxter, in "Seventeen," by Booth Tarkington.
6. Philo Vance, in "The Benson Murder Case" and several other whodunits by S. S. Van Dyne.
7. Mr. Ephraim Tutt, in many short stories by Arthur Train.
8. Supiyawlat, in "Mandalay," by Rudyard Kipling.
9. The Caterpillar, in "Alice in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll.
10. Leora, in "Arrowsmith," by Sinclair Lewis.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE BRIDE DINED ALONE *Vera Kelsey* (Crime Club: $2.)	Thrice married lady returns to Long Island home with latest acquisition, who, with Mr. Evoans, investigates some strange deaths.	Rather translucent on the mystery side but more than usually thrilling and a grand job of writing.	First class
SHADOWS ON THE WALL *Mary Reisner* (Dodd, Mead & Co.: $2.)	Fall kills lawyer at New England week-end. Dist.-Atty. Dillon suspects push and probes parcel of highly strung guests.	Emotions in stratosphere throughout. Confession solves major crime midway but second death is a puzzler. Suspense packed to last line.	Grade A
MURDER RENTS A ROOM *Sara Elizabeth Morton* (Crime Club: $2.)	Two killings in Southern mansion which takes in paying guests, solved by visiting Yankee and local sheriff.	Viperish female, bibulous and belligerent relative and a slow-moving but penetrating sleuth give this one plenty of zip.	Entertaining

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The Crostics Club

THAT as the maker of DCs I should consider the convenience of the puzzler paramount to my own concern has been advanced by at least two thoughtful puzzlers. Their suggestion that this can be done by not limiting myself to the use of each letter in the quotation but once, I discard at the start because I am not willing to thus change the set-up of the puzzle. But any other workable constructive suggestions I should welcome.

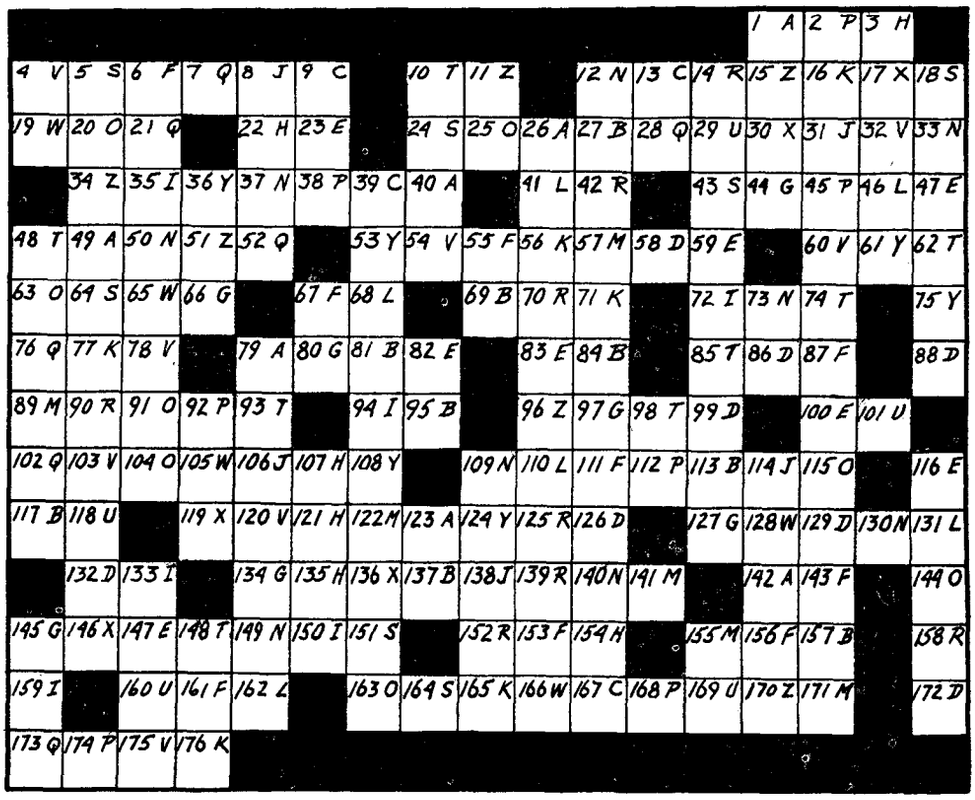
I have already informed you that in general I eliminate from consideration *local geographical* names, medical, chemical, and other strictly scientific terms, dialect usages, combining forms, obsolete words, and other finds such as crossword puzzlers invariably employ. As a rule I weigh the universality of any religious or ethical nomenclature and eschew more than I use. I give you no *common* words not verified in my authority. When it comes to the inclusion of repetitious words, it is by way out of an inflexible situation which would take too much time otherwise to solve. For my puzzle-making might be compared to mass production for a livelihood versus a Worth Parisian gown. To throw overboard such quotations when I find their component letters confine my efforts, after hours of research, is too expensive. Are the definitions, perhaps, faulty? How could they be bettered for the very limited space accorded me? Or does the whole matter, after all, resolve itself into a Sam Weller situation "according to the taste and fancy of the speller?" What do you think?

In fact, the *SRL* has asked me, in addition to my regular book, developed, I hope, to the standards of *SRL* readers, to do a simple book for next Spring as an experiment to increase the present limited market for our DCs. As I begin my task I am wondering whether despite good intentions fifty simple quotations chosen for the purpose will lend themselves to about 1,300 easy words, and if, even so, since Double-Crostics involve a two-fold process, whether the average puzzler will concern himself with them to the extent that the *SRL* anticipates. What do you think?

We are indebted to Mary R. Battle, Chicago, for continued light on the use of *serendipity*. She tells us that Viola Meynell, in a memoir of her mother Alice Meynell, gives the history of her brother Everard's "Serendipity Shop," first in Museum Street, and later in East Chapel St., London.

George Winslow Smith, Waterville, Me., heartens us in a surprise allusion to our Double-Crostics in Bertha Demon's delightful new book, "A Sense of Humus," comparing them to crosswords as "wine to water"—a homey touch we do indeed appreciate.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 492

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Cloth of gold (Fr.; 2 wds.)

B. Author of "Promas and Cassandra" (1575).

C. Patron St. of sailors.

D. A windfall (Forestry).

E. Of a letter, introductory.

F. So much for that (colloq.; 2 wds.)

G. Pertaining to one of a body of five magistrates chosen by the Spartans.

H. The common red currant.

I. To flow away (liquids; 2 wds.)

J. Irregular or uneven as if eaten or worn away.

K. American painter (1836-1923).

L. A region of mountain-making disturbance (Geol.)

M. A line added above or below the staff (Music).

N. Wanting in the requirements of correct taste.

O. First-rate (colloq.; comp.)

P. A rare metallic element of the platinum group.

Q. An advanced position in thought or research.

R. *It doesn't matter* (Russian exclamation).

S. Irreverence.

T. Conceited; keen-scented.

U. Character, a predatory knight, in title of Goethe play (1771).

V. Cruel; without pity.

W. American poet in England (188?-).

X. First name of a Vermont hero of the Revolution.

Y. To supplant; debar (slang; 2 wds.)

Z. Exhausted of energy.

WORDS

79 123 142 49 40 1 26

157 117 137 69 95 84 27 113 81

39 167 9 13

88 58 132 129 126 86 172 99

23 59 82 116 147 100 83 47

67 153 156 87 6 55 161 111 143

66 127 97 80 44 134 145

3 22 107 121 154 135

150 94 72 35 133 159

8 138 31 111 106

165 71 176 77 56 16

41 131 68 110 162 46

155 122 171 141 89 57

149 37 130 50 73 12 109 140 33

63 91 144 20 104 115 163 25

45 174 112 38 168 2 92

76 28 7 102 173 52 21

42 139 152 90 70 125 14 158

64 18 43 164 151 24 5

85 10 148 93 74 48 62 98

29 101 118 160 169

103 32 54 60 175 78 4 120

19 65 166 128 105

146 136 30 119 17

75 36 124 61 53 108

15 34 11 51 96 170

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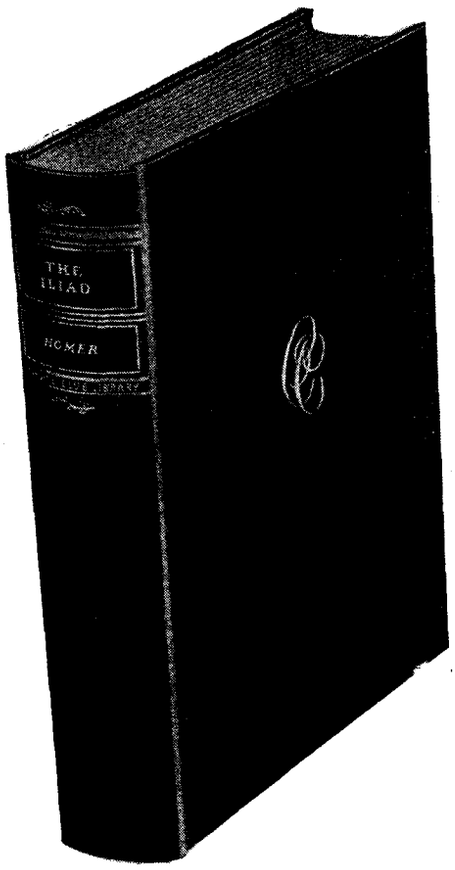

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